FIRST COMICS
DYNAMO JOE • WHISPER • BLAZE BARLOW
FEB. $1.25
NO. 3
$1.75 CANADA
FIRST Adventures
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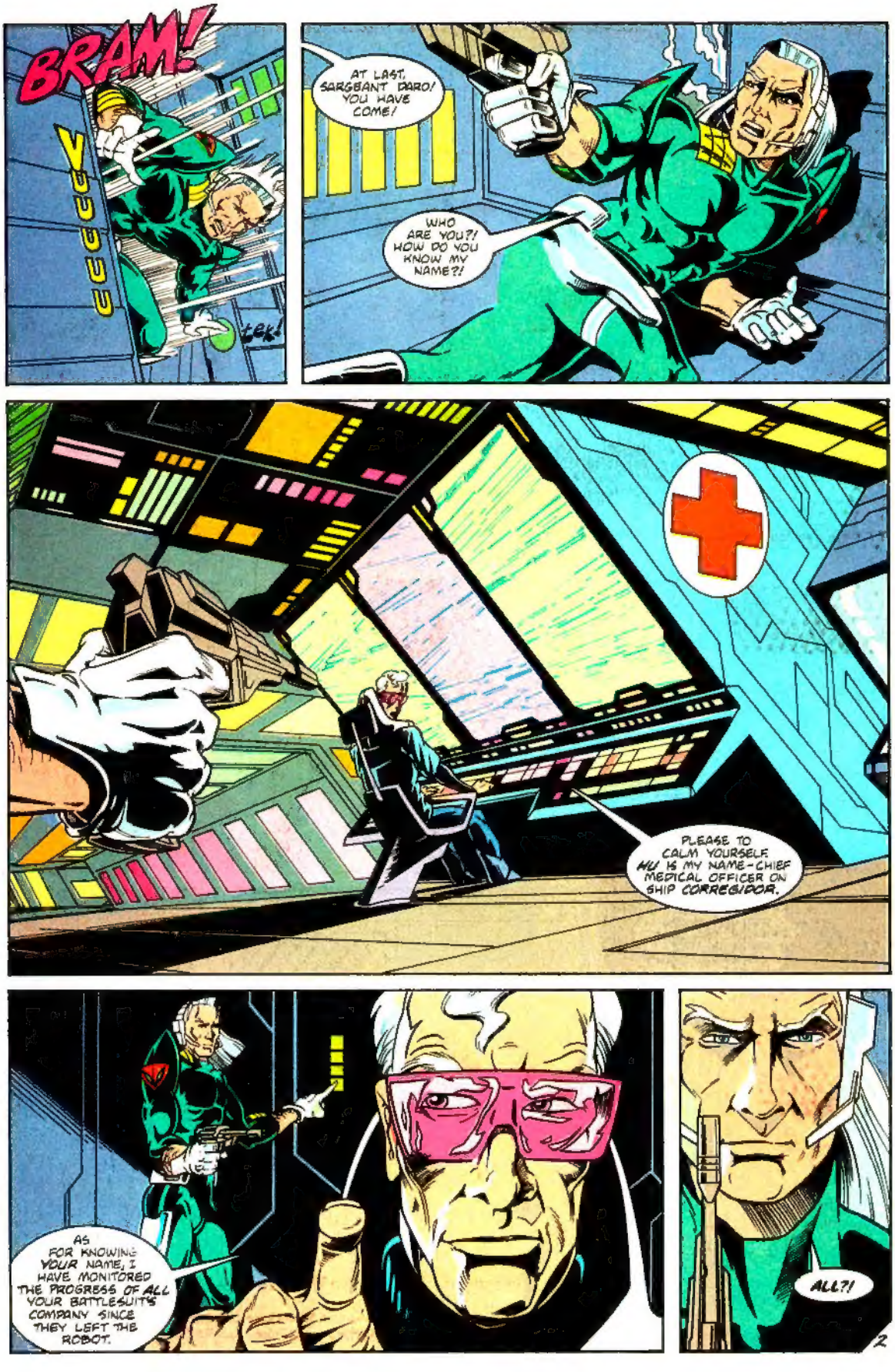
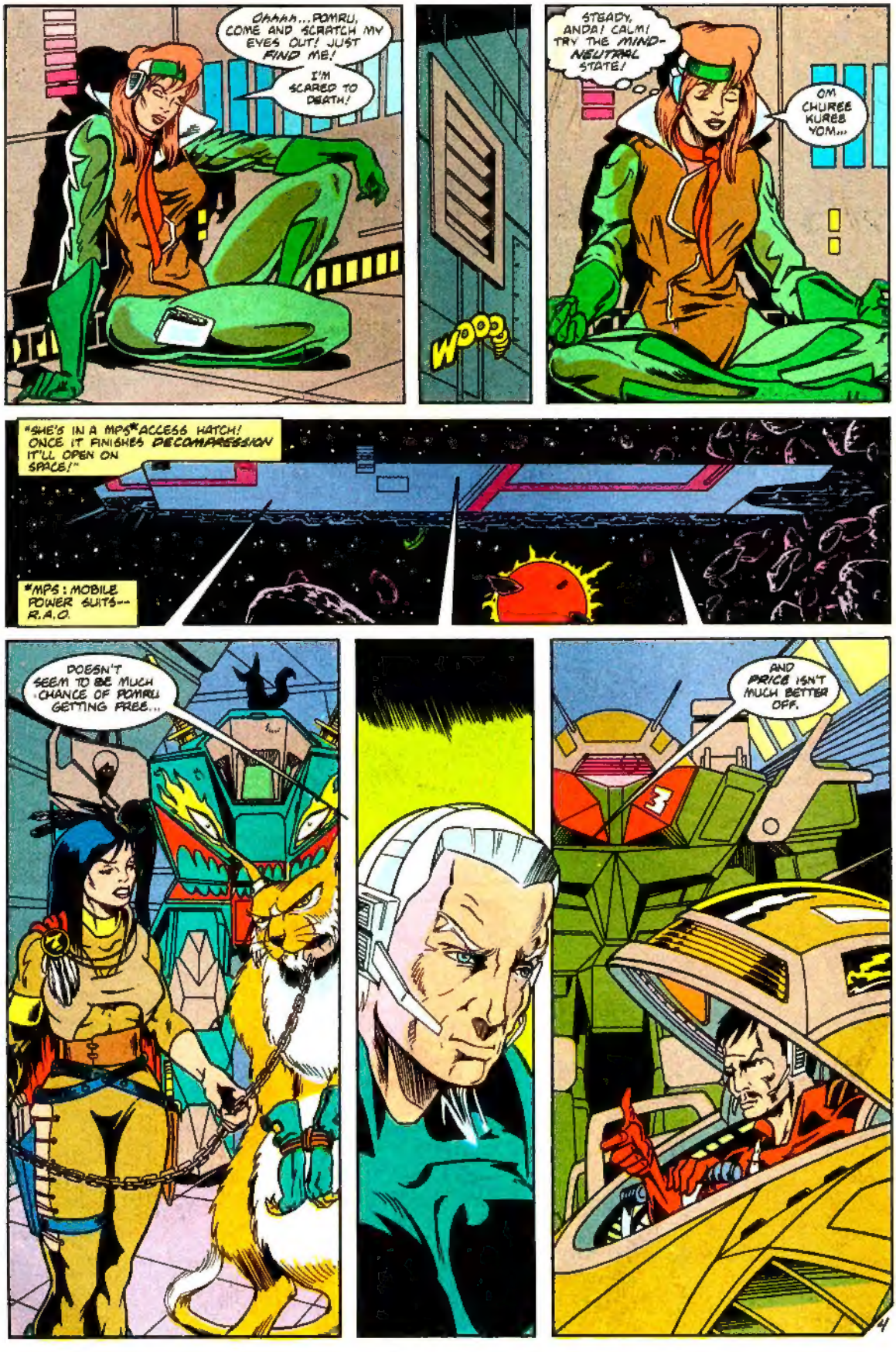
DYNAMO JOE
ROVER MINES!
MAKES ZERO-GRAVITY A LOT LESS FUN THAN AT HOME!
AS THE KHAN DIRECTS, DIRECT THE FEAR. FOCUS THE MIND, FIND THE WILL.
AS AT HOME. THE TRAINING MAZE. TRIGGER THE BLAST DOOR AS YOU PASS IT...
NOW!
PLAGUE SHIP!
DOUG RICE-PENCILER/CREATOR
JOHN OSTRANDER-WRITER
BRIAN THOMAS-INKER
WILLIE SCHUBERT-LETTERER
RICK TAYLOR-COLORIST
RICK OLIVER-EDITOR

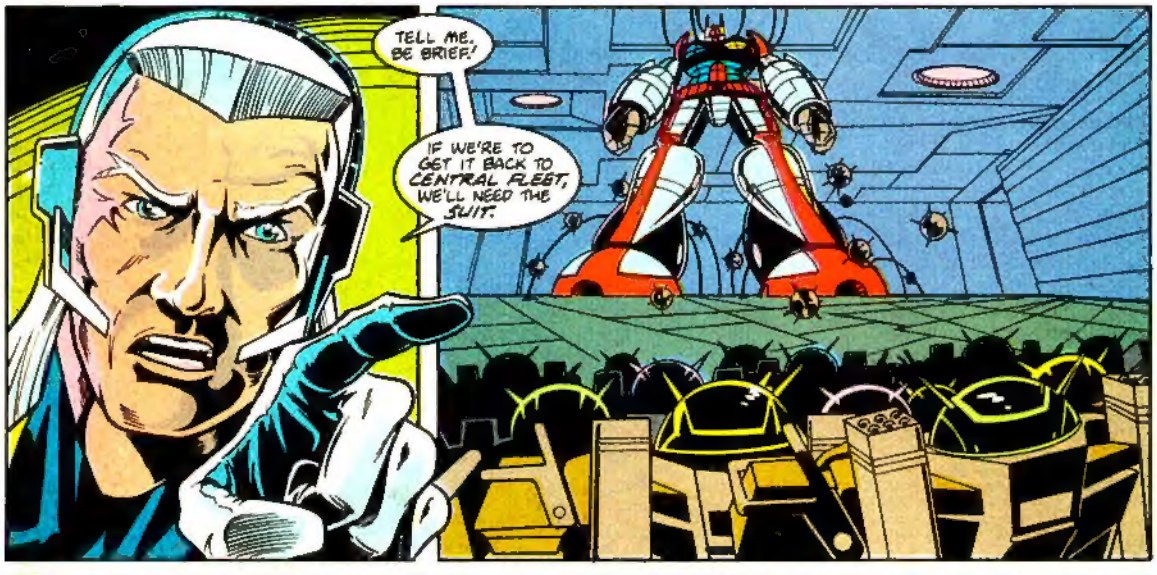

BRAM!
tek!
AT LAST, SARGEANT DARO! YOU HAVE COME!
WHO ARE YOU?! HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?!
PLEASE TO CALM YOURSELF. MU IS MY NAME - CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER ON SHIP CORREGIDOR.
AS FOR KNOWING YOUR NAME, I HAVE MONITORED THE PROGRESS OF ALL YOUR BATTLESUIT'S COMPANY SINCE THEY LEFT THE ROBOT.
ALL?!

THE WOMAN- ANDA WARREN, YES?- STRUCK THE TAVITAN- POMPU, I BELIEVE IS HIS NAME- AND RAN AWAY. HE FOLLOWED.
SHE ELUDES HIM, HE DOES NOT ELUDE CAPTURE BY TANEMARA, LEADER OF ONE OF THE WARRING FACTIONS IN CORREGIDOR.
YOUR LIEUTENANT PRICE IS IN THE HANDS OF OTHER FACTION, LED BY ENSIGN MATT ZELL.
"WHERE IS MS. WARREN NOW?"
GAWD! ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM! WAIT! DON'T CLOSE!
HAVE TO KEEP GOING FORWARD, I GUESS.
C'MAWN, DOOR!
"WANDERING ALONE, LOST IN CORREGIDOR. VERY DANGEROUS. IF YOU KNOW NOT WHAT YOU ARE DOING."
GREAT! JUST GREAT! THE STUPID DOOR'S STUCK!
I'M GOING TO BE STUCK IN THIS STUPID ROOM UNTIL I DIE OR SOMETHING!

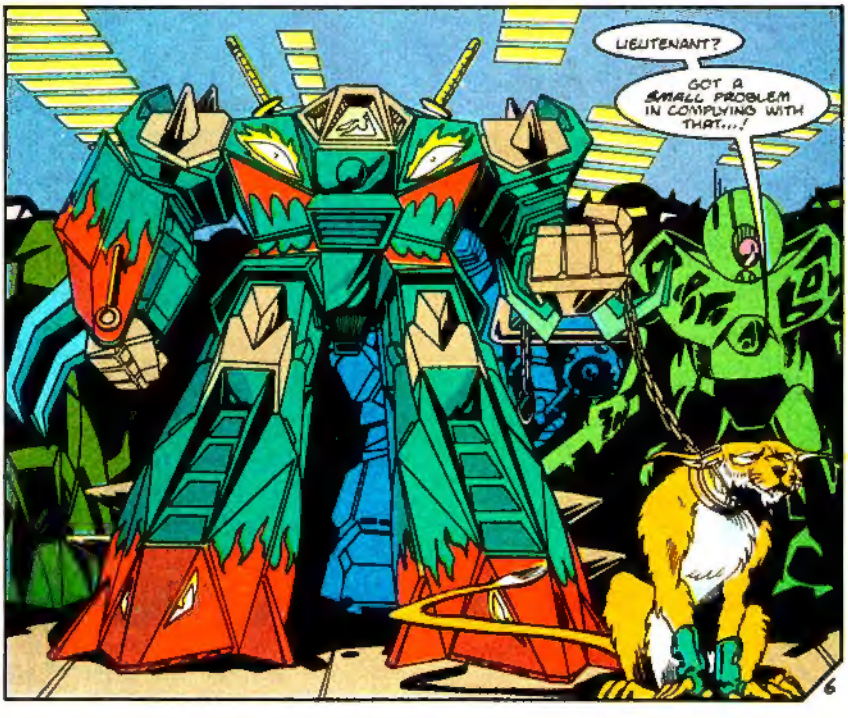

AAAAA...POMRU, COME AND SCRATCH MY EYES OUT! JUST FIND ME!
I'M SCARED TO DEATH!
WOOO
STEADY, ANDA! CALM! TRY THE MIND-NEUTRAL STATE!
OM CHUREE KUREE YOM...
"SHE'S IN A MPS* ACCESS HATCH! ONCE IT FINISHES DECOMPRESSION IT'LL OPEN ON SPACE!"
*MPS: MOBILE POWER SUITS--R.A.O.
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH CHANCE OF POMRU GETTING FREE...
AND PRICE ISN'T MUCH BETTER OFF.
3
4

PRICE TO POMRU! ARE YOU THERE, PRIVATE?
YOWP! UFFF... I'M HERE, LIEUTENANT. WHERE'RE YOU?
CAPTURED, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS COM-LINK!
AM LEADING THEM BACK TO THE BATTLESUIT. WE'LL SURPRISE THEM, SHALL WE?
ONE BIG SURPRISE, COMIN' UP, SIR.
HAIRBALLS! NOW I GOTTA SHAKE LOOSE!
CREW HAS SPLIT INTO A CIVIL WAR, AFTER FIRST KILLING ALL RANKING OFFICERS. ZELL REPRESENTS THE SOLAR WORLDS OF ALLIANCE; TANEMARA THE OUTER WORLDS OF CONFEDERATION.
SHE HAS THE NUMBERS; HE HAS GREATER TECHNOLOGY. SO. STALEMATE.
YOUR BATTLESUIT BREAKS THAT. SIDE THAT POSSESSES IT WILL WIN CIVIL WAR.
AND BOTH ARE GOING TO GET THERE AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME. I BETTER GET THERE FIRST.
NO! YOU MUST STAY, SARGEANT DARO!

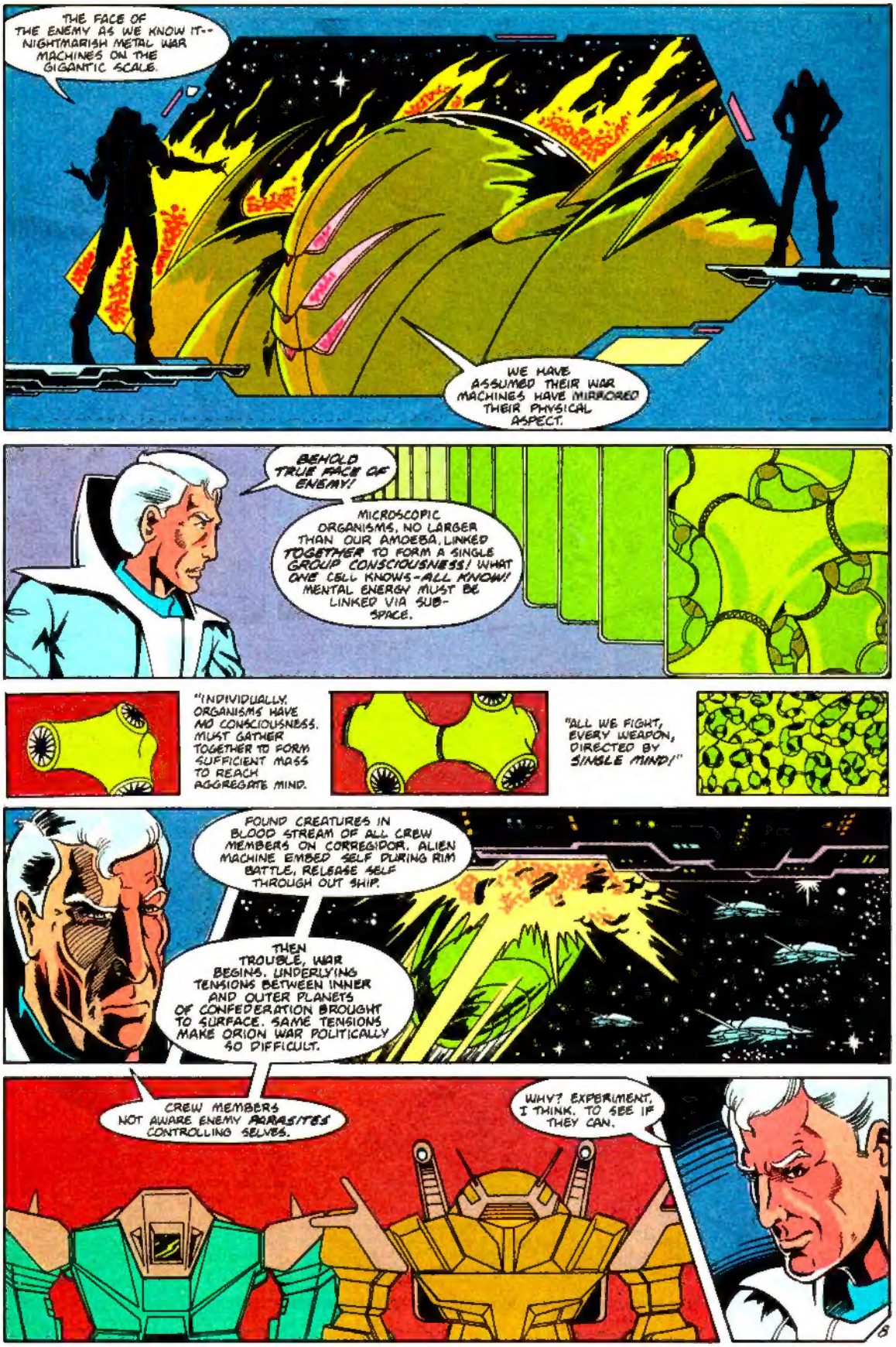
WHAT I HAVE LEARNED HERE IS MORE *IMPORTANT!* YOU MUST LEARN THIS SECRET AS WELL!
FOR EIGHT YEARS WE FIGHT THIS WAR, ALWAYS LOSING, BECAUSE WE DO NOT KNOW *WHAT* WE FIGHT.
HERE, IN THIS LAB, *I HAVE LEARNED THIS!*

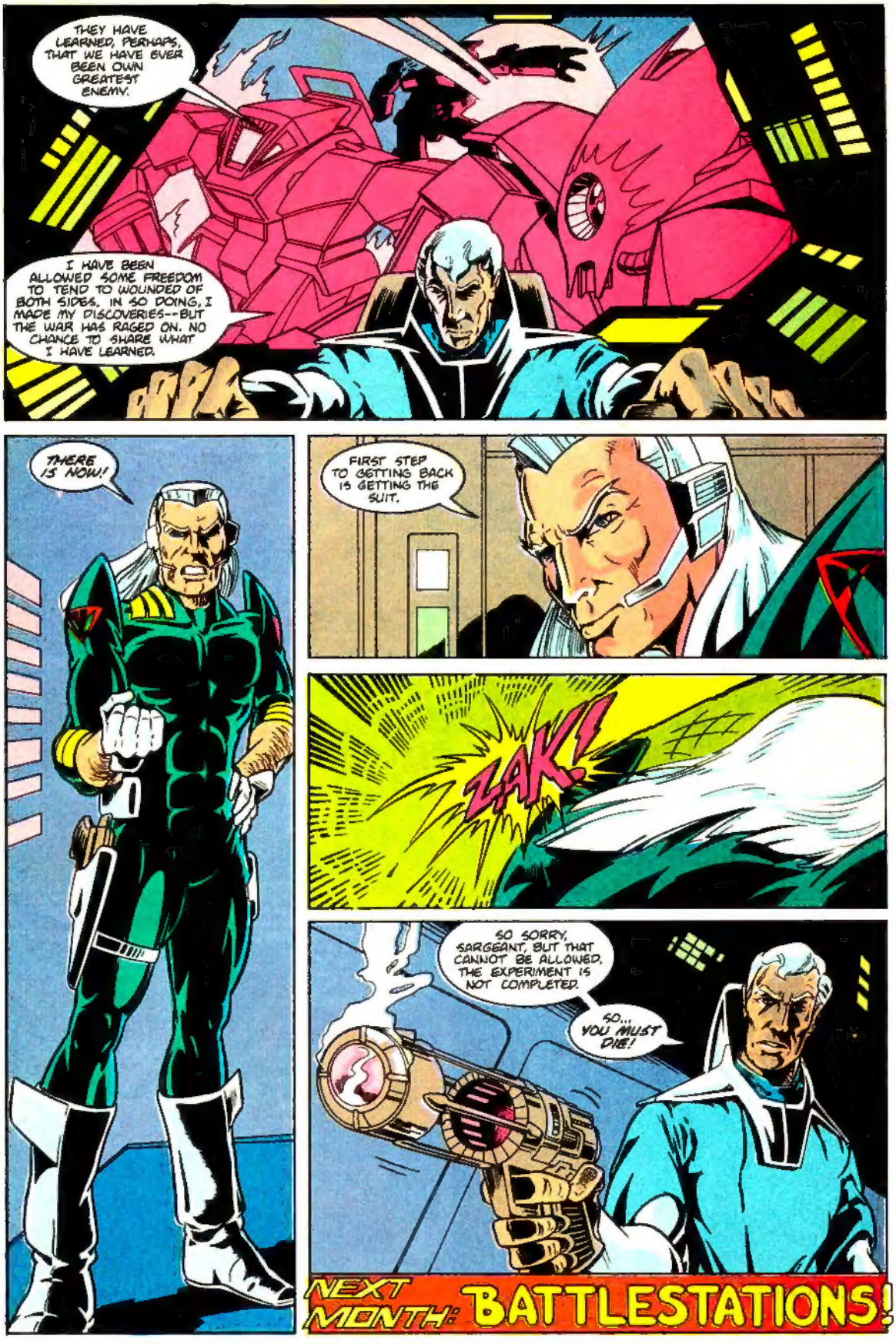

TELL ME, BE BRIEF!
IF WE'RE TO GET IT BACK TO *CENTRAL FLEET*, WE'LL NEED THE *SUIT*.

ALRIGHT, PRIVATE! BUTTON UP THE SUIT AND LET THEM HAVE IT!


LIEUTENANT?
GOT A *SMALL* PROBLEM IN COMPLYING WITH THAT...!

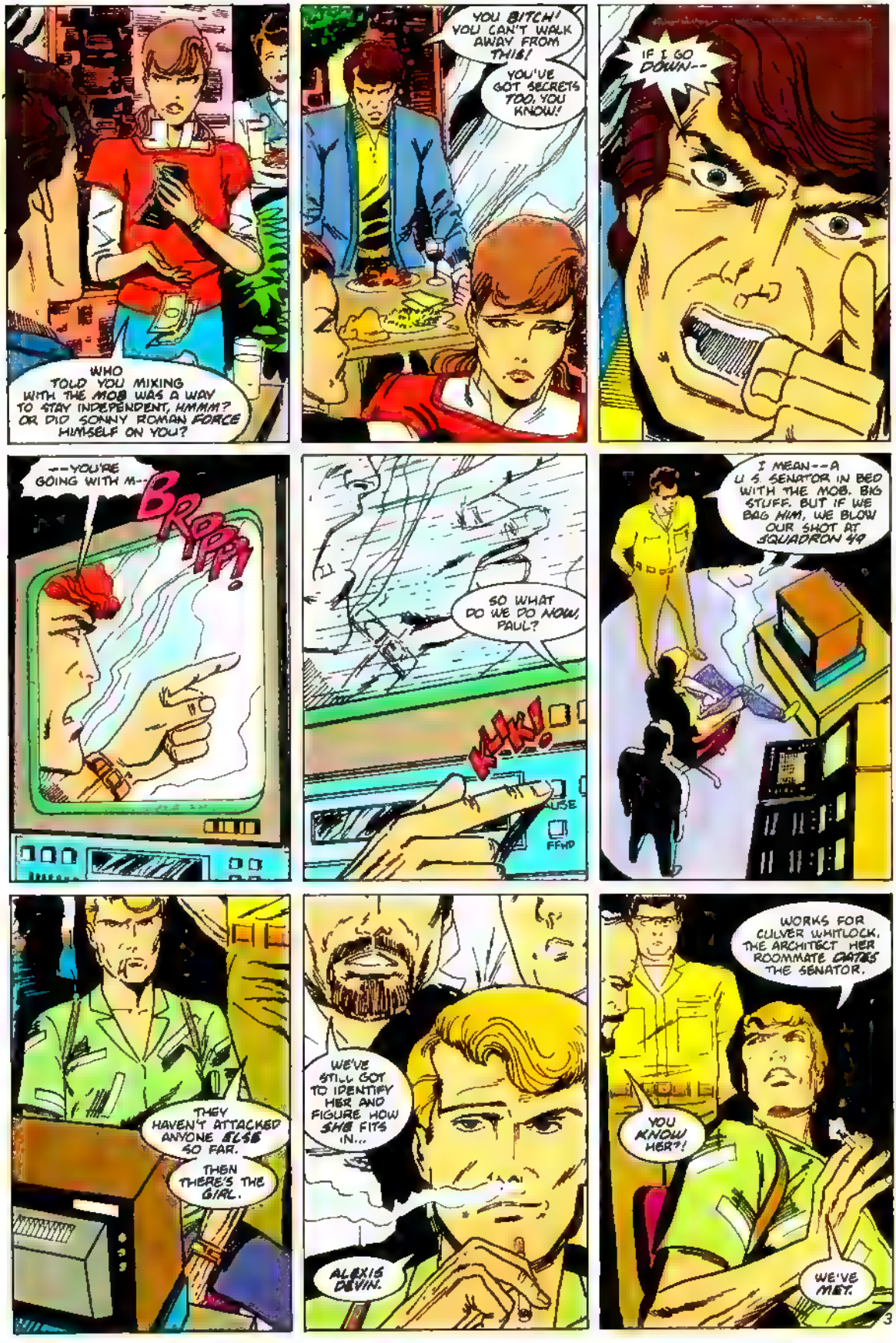
ROVER MINES TO ATTACK MODE! DESTROY THE EARTHER SCUM!
VOOOOO
VOOOO
MISSILES TO INTERCEPT!
NOW, C'MON, GANG! LET'S GET 'EM! KILL! KILL!
ffffffffew!
ffffffffew!
KA-BOOM!
BRAM! BRAM!
KRANG!
KA-DOOM!


THE FACE OF THE ENEMY AS WE KNOW IT-- NIGHTMARISH METAL WAR MACHINES ON THE GIGANTIC SCALE.
WE HAVE ASSUMED THEIR WAR MACHINES HAVE MIRRORED THEIR PHYSICAL ASPECT.
BEHOLD TRUE FACE OF ENEMY!
MICROSCOPIC ORGANISMS, NO LARGER THAN OUR AMOEBA, LINKED TOGETHER TO FORM A SINGLE GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS! WHAT ONE CELL KNOWS-ALL KNOW! MENTAL ENERGY MUST BE LINKED VIA SUB-SPACE.
"INDIVIDUALLY, ORGANISMS HAVE NO CONSCIOUSNESS. MUST GATHER TOGETHER TO FORM SUFFICIENT MASS TO REACH AGGREGATE MIND.
"ALL WE FIGHT, EVERY WEAPON, DIRECTED BY SINGLE MIND!"
FOUND CREATURES IN BLOOD STREAM OF ALL CREW MEMBERS ON CORREGIDOR. ALIEN MACHINE EMBED SELF DURING RIM BATTLE, RELEASE SELF THROUGH OUT SHIP.
THEN TROUBLE, WAR BEGINS. UNDERLYING TENSIONS BETWEEN INNER AND OUTER PLANETS OF CONFEDERATION BROUGHT TO SURFACE. SAME TENSIONS MAKE ORION WAR POLITICALLY SO DIFFICULT.
CREW MEMBERS NOT AWARE ENEMY PARASITES CONTROLLING SELVES.
WHY? EXPERIMENT, I THINK. TO SEE IF THEY CAN.

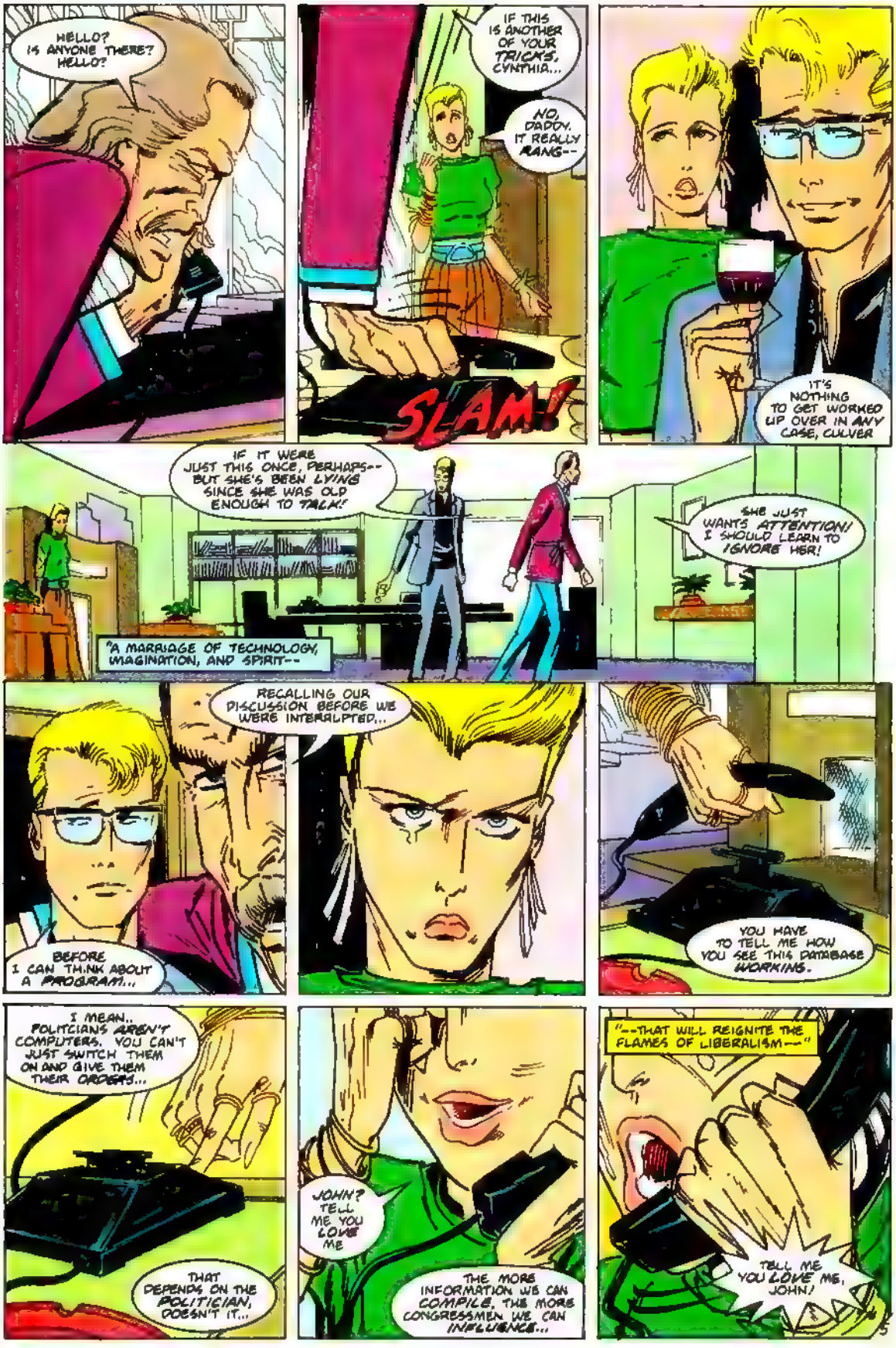

THEY HAVE LEARNED, PERHAPS, THAT WE HAVE EVER BEEN OWN GREATEST ENEMY.
I HAVE BEEN ALLOWED SOME FREEDOM TO TEND TO WOUNDED OF BOTH SIDES. IN SO DOING, I MADE MY DISCOVERIES--BUT THE WAR HAS RAGED ON. NO CHANCE TO SHARE WHAT I HAVE LEARNED.
THERE IS NOW!
FIRST STEP TO GETTING BACK IS GETTING THE SUIT.
ZAK!
SO SORRY, SARGEANT, BUT THAT CANNOT BE ALLOWED. THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT COMPLETED.
SO... YOU MUST DIE!
NEXT MONTH: BATTLESTATIONS!

WHISPER
TERMINAL ZONE PT. 3
THE THIN AIR
™
MENU
OPEN
LIGHTEN UP ALEX! I'M A NICE GUY--REALLY I AM!
I JUST NEED THIS LITTLE JOB DONE...
YOU'RE NOT EATING. CAN I ORDER YOU SOME DESSERT? COFFEE?
FLOWERS
DOES LEGA KNOW YOU'RE PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON ME, CANALES?
HELL, SHE PRACTICALLY TOLD ME IT WAS YOU...
...THAT STOPPED THOSE TERRORISTS WHO BLEW UP MY HEADQUARTERS*.
SHE BLURTED OUT YOUR NAME WHEN SHE THOUGHT YOU DIED IN THE EXPLOSION.
*FIRST ADVENTURES #1--MIKE.
WE BETTER GET ECKHART ON THE PHONE! HE'LL WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!

PAUL? THIS IS TOM ON THE SQUADRON 49 INVESTIGATION... WE'VE BEEN TAILING SENATOR CANALES...
GOT SOMETHING HERE THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU...
YEAH, LESA NORMALLY KEEPS MY SECRETS...
OPE
LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS! IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE, YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE!
OPE
WHATEVER IT IS, I CAN PUT IT IT OUT IN THE OPEN IF YOU DON'T PLAY BALL WITH ME--SO SHUT UP AND LISTEN!
I'M SORRY... I'M SORRY... I'M JUST SO TENSE THESE DAYS...
IT'S YOUR BOSS...
YOUR BOSS HAS HAS PAPERS IN HIS OFFICE SAFE LINKING ME WITH SONNY ROMAN...
MR. WHITLOCK?! HAG--?!
HE'S HOLDING THEM OVER MY HEAD, ALEX. HE WANTS TO CONTROL MY VOTE IN CONGRESS.
I JUST... I DON'T WANT TO ANSWER TO HIM OR SONNY...
I JUST WANT TO BE MY OWN MAN...
IS THAT SO BAD?
MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU, CANALES.


WHO TOLD YOU MIXING WITH THE MOB WAS A WAY TO STAY INDEPENDENT, HMMM? OR DID SONNY ROMAN FORCE HIMSELF ON YOU?
YOU BITCH! YOU CAN'T WALK AWAY FROM THIS!
YOU'VE GOT SECRETS TOO, YOU KNOW!
IF I GO DOWN--
--YOU'RE GOING WITH M--
BRRPP!
SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW, PAUL?
KLIK!
I MEAN--A U.S. SENATOR IN BED WITH THE MOB. BIG STUFF. BUT IF WE BAG HIM, WE BLOW OUR SHOT AT SQUADRON 49
THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED ANYONE ELSE SO FAR.
THEN THERE'S THE GIRL.
WE'VE STILL GOT TO IDENTIFY HER AND FIGURE HOW SHE FITS IN...
ALEXIS DEVIN.
WORKS FOR CULVER WHITLOCK, THE ARCHITECT HER ROOMMATE DATES THE SENATOR.
YOU KNOW HER?!
WE'VE MET.

MY ADVICE IS TO STAY AWAY FROM HER.
SHE'S QUITE THE LITTLE HELLION WHEN SHE WANTS TO BE.
MATTER OF FACT, LET IT ALL LIE, JUST REPORT BACK TO WASHINGTON-- I'LL TAKE OVER THE SQUADRON CASE PERSONALLY.
WHAT ABOUT THE SAFE?
THE WHAT?
OH, YEAH.
YEAH, I SUPPOSE THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS STOP A ROBBERY.
HELLO? CULVER WHITLOCK, PLEASE
SURE, I'LL HOLD.
WHAT AM I DOING?
BZZZZZ
BZZZZZZ
IF I TIP WHITLOCK AND DEVIN GETS CAUGHT, CANALES WILL FIGURE SOMEONE'S ONTO HIM!
AND I WANT EVERY ONE OF THEM--
--ESPECIALLY ALEXIS DEVIN!
"TODAY I FEEL DESTINY IS AT HAND."

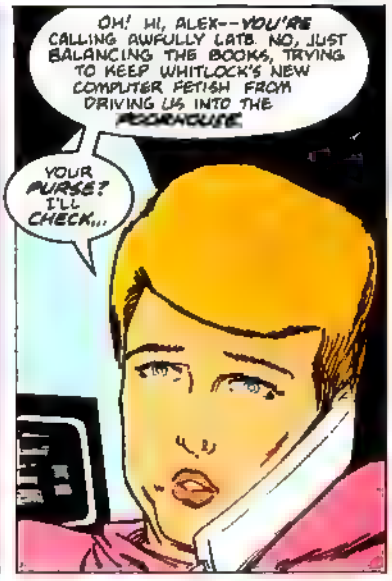

HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE? HELLO?
IF THIS IS ANOTHER OF YOUR TRICKS, CYNTHIA...
NO, DADDY. IT REALLY RANG--
SLAM!
IT'S NOTHING TO GET WORKED UP OVER IN ANY CASE, CULVER
IF IT WERE JUST THIS ONCE, PERHAPS-- BUT SHE'S BEEN LYING SINCE SHE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO TALK!
SHE JUST WANTS ATTENTION! I SHOULD LEARN TO IGNORE HER!
"A MARRIAGE OF TECHNOLOGY, IMAGINATION, AND SPIRIT--
RECALLING OUR DISCUSSION BEFORE WE WERE INTERRUPTED...
BEFORE I CAN THINK ABOUT A PROGRAM...
YOU HAVE TO TELL ME HOW YOU SEE THIS DATABASE WORKING.
I MEAN.. POLITICIANS AREN'T COMPUTERS. YOU CAN'T JUST SWITCH THEM ON AND GIVE THEM THEIR ORDERS...
THAT DEPENDS ON THE POLITICIAN, DOESN'T IT...
JOHN? TELL ME YOU LOVE ME
THE MORE INFORMATION WE CAN COMPILE, THE MORE CONGRESSMEN WE CAN INFLUENCE...
"--THAT WILL REIGNITE THE FLAMES OF LIBERALISM--"
TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, JOHN!

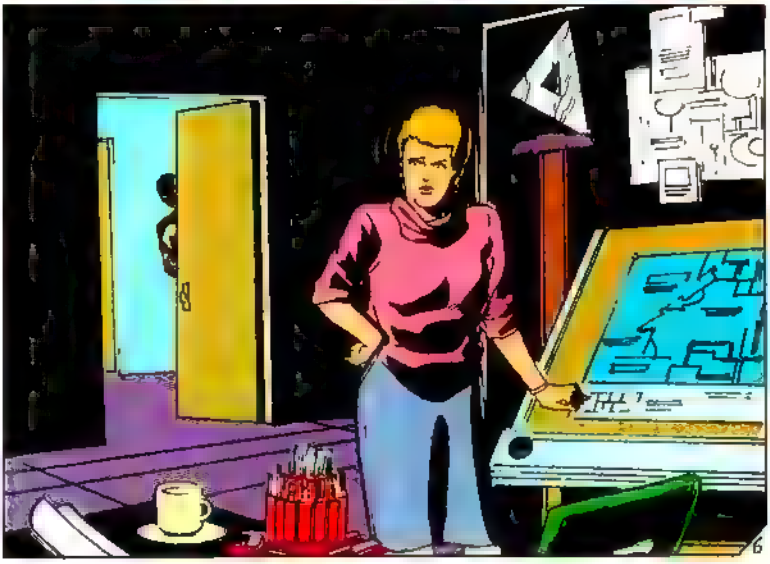
THAT'S ALL I WANT... JUST TELL ME YOU LOVE ME...

"--AND SPARK A REBIRTH OF FREEDOM--
KLIK!
BZZZZ

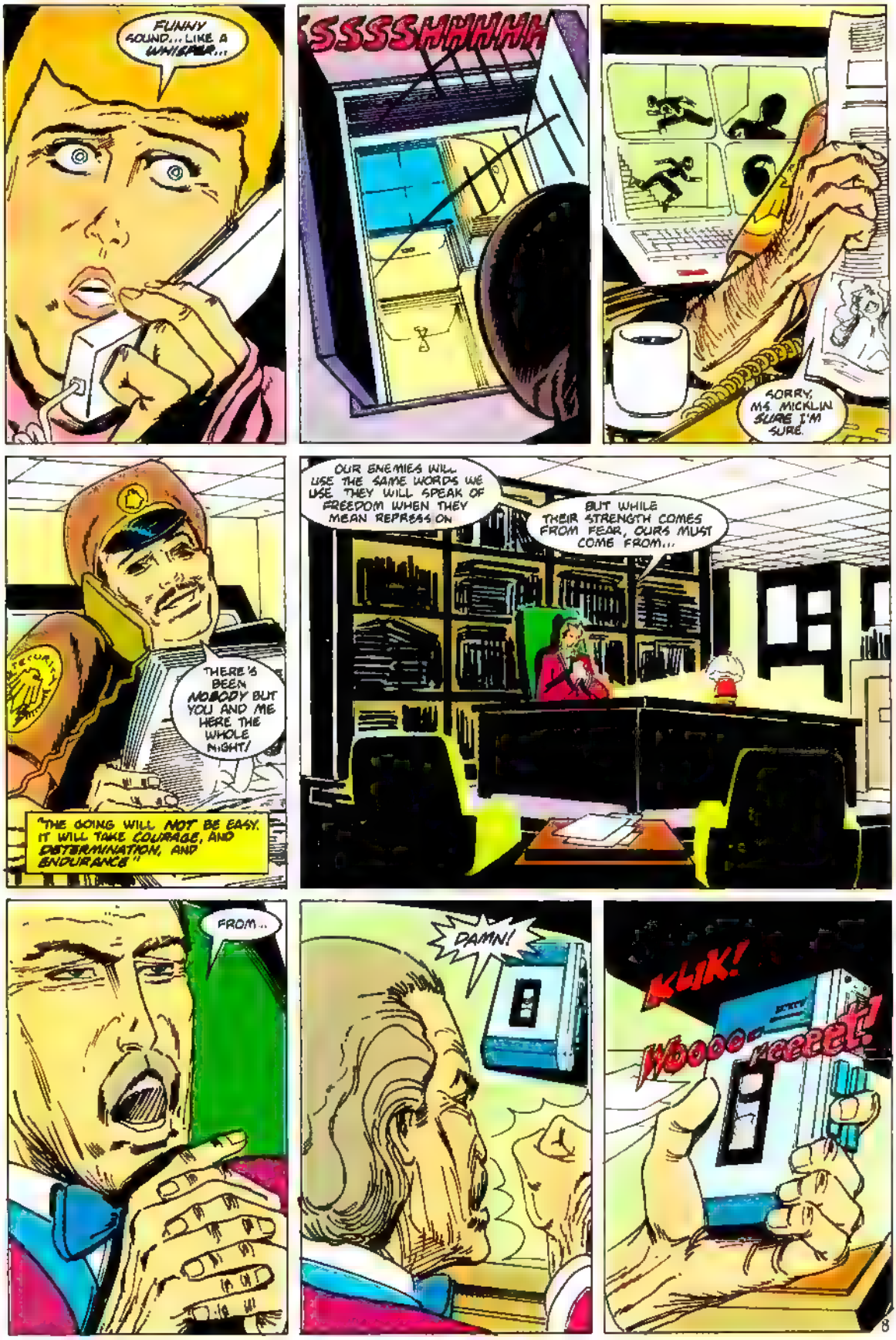
HITLOCK B
"--A REBIRTH OF THIS GREAT CONCEPT WE CALL--AMERICA!"

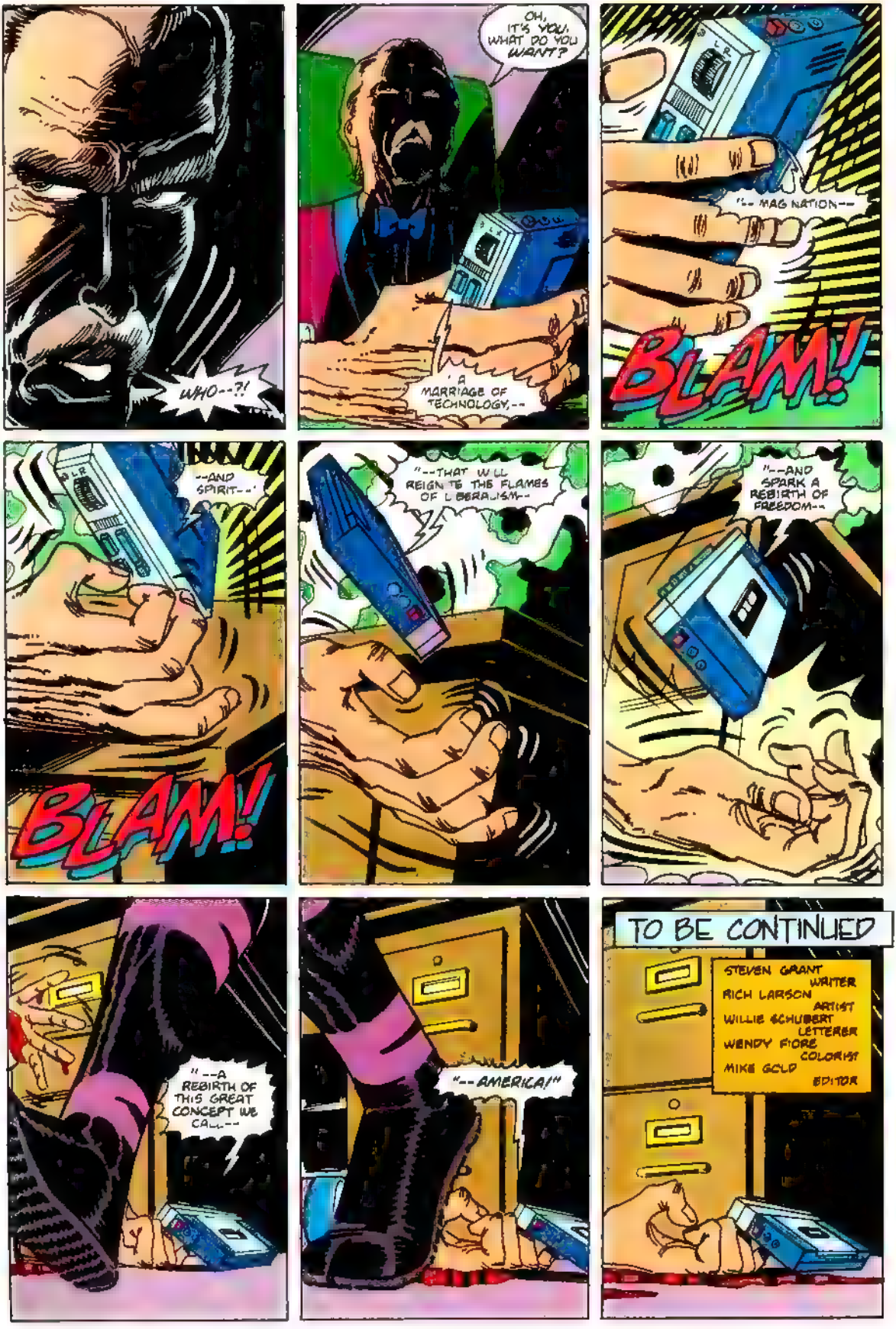
RRNNG!
HELLO? NO. THIS IS CAROL MICKLIN.


OH! HI, ALEX--YOU'RE CALLING AWFULLY LATE. NO, JUST BALANCING THE BOOKS, TRYING TO KEEP WHITLOCK'S NEW COMPUTER FETISH FROM DRIVING US INTO THE POORHOUSE.
YOUR PURSE? I'LL CHECK...



ALEX? ARE YOU THERE?
I'M SORRY. THE CAT WAS MAKING NOISES. DID YOU FIND MY PURSE?
DAMN. I MUST HAVE LEFT LEFT IT AT DINNER.
ACE PAP CLI
THANKS ANYWAY. IF YOU RUN ACROSS IT, I'LL BE HOME ALL NIGHT.
JACK? HOA ANYONE ELSE BEEN IN THE BUILDING TONIGHT? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING...
RESET
KRIT!
RESET


FUNNY SOUND... LIKE A WHISPER...
SSSSSHHHHH
SORRY, MS. MICKLIN SURE I'M SURE.
THERE'S BEEN NOBODY BUT YOU AND ME HERE THE WHOLE NIGHT!
"THE GOING WILL NOT BE EASY. IT WILL TAKE COURAGE, AND DETERMINATION, AND ENDURANCE."
OUR ENEMIES WILL USE THE SAME WORDS WE USE. THEY WILL SPEAK OF FREEDOM WHEN THEY MEAN REPRESSION
BUT WHILE THEIR STRENGTH COMES FROM FEAR, OURS MUST COME FROM...
FROM...
DAMN!
KLIK!
Woooo-eeeet!


WHO--?!
OH, IT'S YOU. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A MARRIAGE OF TECHNOLOGY,--
'I-- MAG NATION--
BLAM!
--AND SPIRIT--'
BLAM!
"--THAT WILL REIGNITE THE FLAMES OF LIBERALISM--
"--AND SPARK A REBIRTH OF FREEDOM--
"--A REBIRTH OF THIS GREAT CONCEPT WE CA...--
"--AMERICA!"
TO BE CONTINUED
STEVEN GRANT WRITER
RICH LARSON ARTIST
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER
WENDY FIORE COLORIST
MIKE GOLD EDITOR

BLAZE BARLOW AND THE ETERNITY COMMAND™
APOCALYPSO NOW!
IN A FASHIONABLE CORNER OF THE MULTIVERSE, THE HUBBUB OF THE PARTY ANIMAL'S GALA IS CUT THROUGH BY A VOICE RINGING OUT!
YOU HAVE TWO MINUTES TO SURRENDER THE BEING WE WANT, BLAZE BARLOW-- AND THEN YOU SHALL FEEL THE RIGHT ARM OF WRATH!
AND ANOTHER VOICE RISES TO MEET IT!
GET STUFFED AND MOUNTED, MYRRH-FOR-BRAINS!

PETER B. GILLIS CREATOR-WRITER | BARRY CRAIN PENCILLER | KEITH WILSON INKER | WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER | TOM LITTLEJOHN COLORIST | RICK OLIVER EDITOR

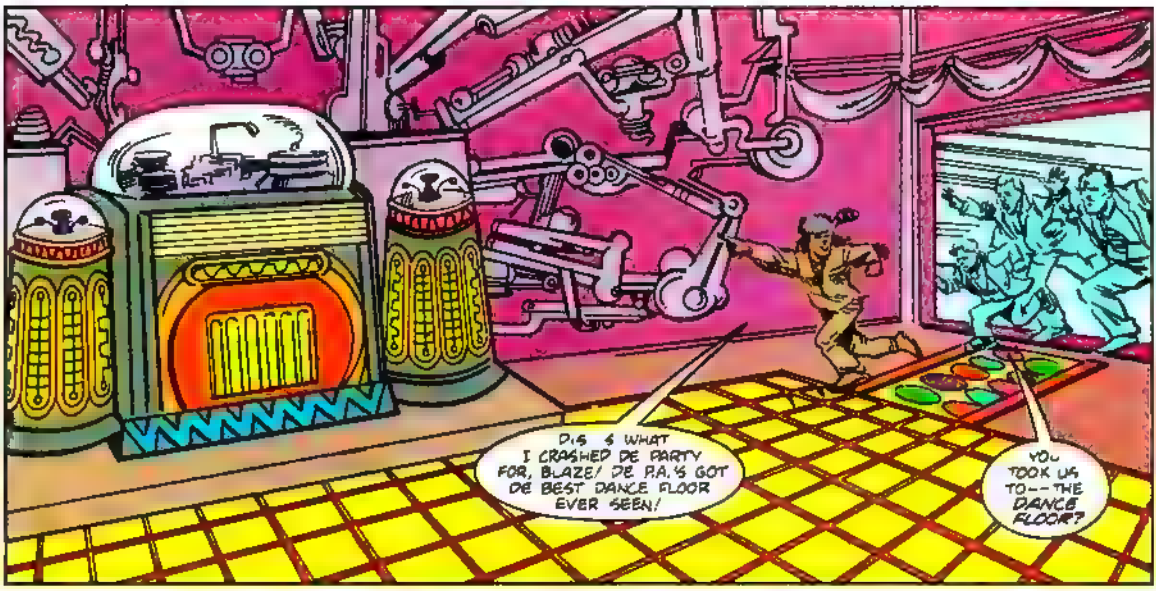
FEATURING CHARACTERS AND CONCEPTS CREATED BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER AND XAVIER CUGAT.

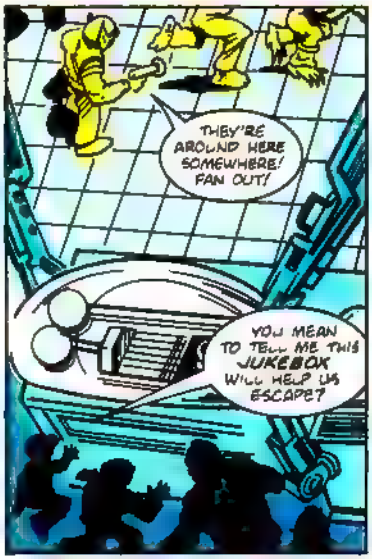
YOU'RE NOT ON YOUR HOME GROUND NOW, BARLOW--THIS TIME THE APOCALYPSE SQUAD IS GOING TO GRIND YOU EXCEEDING SMALL.
YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT HOOLIGANS! WE SHALL SIT DOWN AND SORT IT OUT PEACEABLY--
--OR YOU'LL LEAVE VERY QUICKLY.
IN A DOVE'S EYE WE WILL! DIE!
THE GIFT OF IMMORTALITY, MY ANGELIC FRIEND, IS NOT SO EASILY TAKEN AWAY. IT HAS BEEN TRIED BEFORE--
---AND YET LORD REGULUS, ONCE THE OUTRIDER OF THE GRAND DESIGN, IS STILL HERE.
FURTHER, THE RELEASE OF ENERGY INTO THE COSMOS IS SOMETHING TO BE DONE WITH CARE--
--AND RESPONSIBILITY IS TO BE TAKEN FOR ITS EFFECTS.
WHA?
MERELY THE HEAT CREATED BY YOUR OWN POWER-BEAM I SUGGESTED WE TALK--
--BUT YOUR CONVERSATION IS LACKING. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SIMPLY-- LEAVE--?

I'M NOT HEARING AN ANSWER, BOYS-- WHA?
LISTEN UP, YOU PARTY-GOIN' SONS O' SINNERS! WE'VE GOT AN OFFER!
WE'RE OFFERING A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE TO ANYBODY WHO'LL DELIVER US BLAZE BARLOW, THE ETERNITY COMMAND, AND THEIR ACCOMPLICE--
--ALIVE, INCAPACITATED, OR DEAD!
THE WORDS RUN THROUGH THE CROWD--"A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE!"
AND THOUGH THE PARTYERS ARE FROM DIFFERENT RACES, UNIVERSES, EVEN REALITY LEVELS, THE REACTION OF THE VAST PREPONDERANCE IS--
KOT PAWW!
BLAZE-- SUGGESTIONS?
LOOKS LIKE WE FIGHT!
LOOKS LIKE IT, STRANGERS--
3

--NOR HAS THE OUTRIDER EVER SHIED FROM ONE!
A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE-- FOR YOUR SORRY HEAD? THEY MUST HAVE IT IN FOR YOU!
BUT WE'LL DISCUSS THAT LATER FIRST--
BUT BLAZE-- SOMETHING ELSE IS HAPPENING! LOOK!
I DON'T KNOW, SPIKE-- BUT I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
--WE'VE GOT SOME ATTITUDE PROBLEMS TO CORRECT!
OK, BLAZE-- BUT CAN WE IN GOOD CONSCIENCE SLAUGHTER THESE PEOPLE MERELY BECAUSE THEY POSSESS AN ENHANCED BUSINESS SENSE?
YOU'RE RIGHT NOCTURNE-- THE DANGER TO THE COSMOS IS TOO GREAT. WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!
"IT'S OUR HOST-- THE PARTY ANIMAL! BY CONTINUING THIS FIGHT FOR TOO LONG, YOU'RE RUINING HIS PARTY!
"BLAZE, I THINK HE'S GETTING IRRITATED-- AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS--!"
I-- THINK I SEE OUR ANSWER, BLAZE--!
4

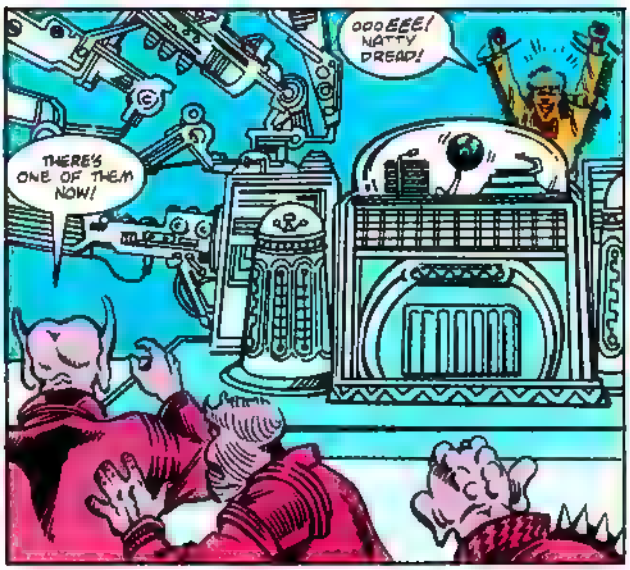
BLAZE, MON! WHAT A GREAT PARTY, NO? GOOD FEELINGS, GOOD STUFF ALL 'ROUND-- AND MY OLD BUDDY BLAZE!
AS I LIVE AND BREATHE-- IT'S NATTY BUMPPO DREAD!
YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME, OL' BLAZE? YOU NEED ANYTHING?
WELL, TO BE HONEST, NATTY, I THINK THIS FIGHT MIGHT BE UPSETTING OUR HOST--!
AN' WE CAN'T HAVE DAT! I GOTCHA!
AND ACTUALLY, SINCE I'VE GOT WHAT I CAME FOR-- THAT VIOLENCE-PRONE GENTLEMAN OVER THERE--
--YOU WANT TO BLOW THIS POP STAND, N.B.D.?
ONWARD, SISTERS! ONWARD FOR THE PEARL!
I THINK I GOT JUST DE THING, MON! WE JUST SASHAY OVER DIS WAY--
OK--BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL JUST RUN!


DIS S WHAT I CRASHED DE PARTY FOR, BLAZE! DE P.A.'S GOT DE BEST DANCE FLOOR EVER SEEN!
YOU TOOK US TO-- THE DANCE FLOOR?


THEY'RE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! FAN OUT!
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THIS JUKEBOX WILL HELP US ESCAPE?

OH BUT DIS AIN'T NO ORDINARY BOX! IT'S A COSMIC DANCE FLOOR, AN' IT'S HOOKED UP TO ALL DE DIMENSIONS!
I M NOT SURE I FOLLOW--

YOU DON'T GOT TO FOLLOW ME, MON-- JUS' DE BOUNCING BALL-- AN' DE BEAT!
(THANKS FOR DE DIME, BLAZE!)


OOOEEE! NATTY DREAD!
THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW!

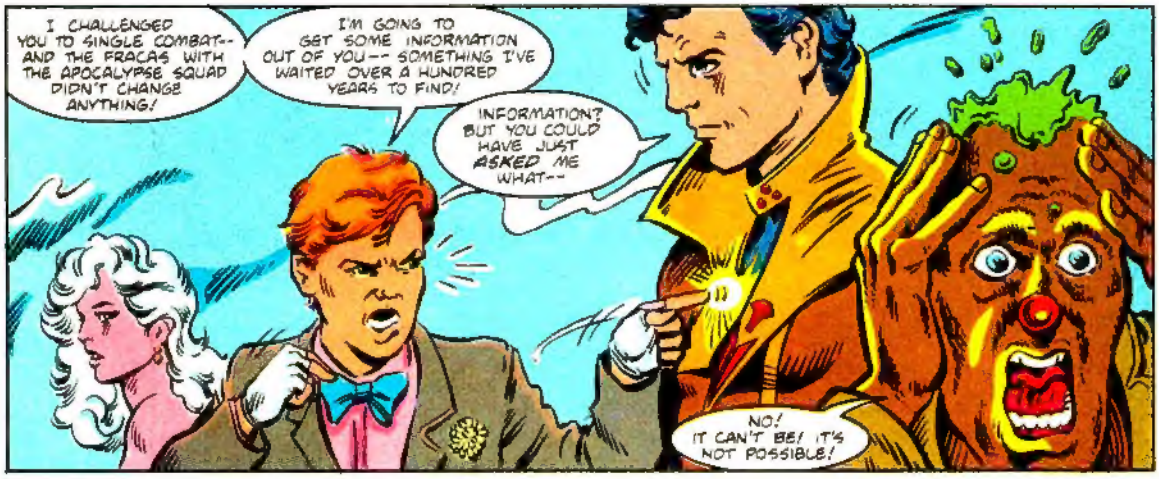
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
C'MON EVERYBODY--LET'S DANCE!

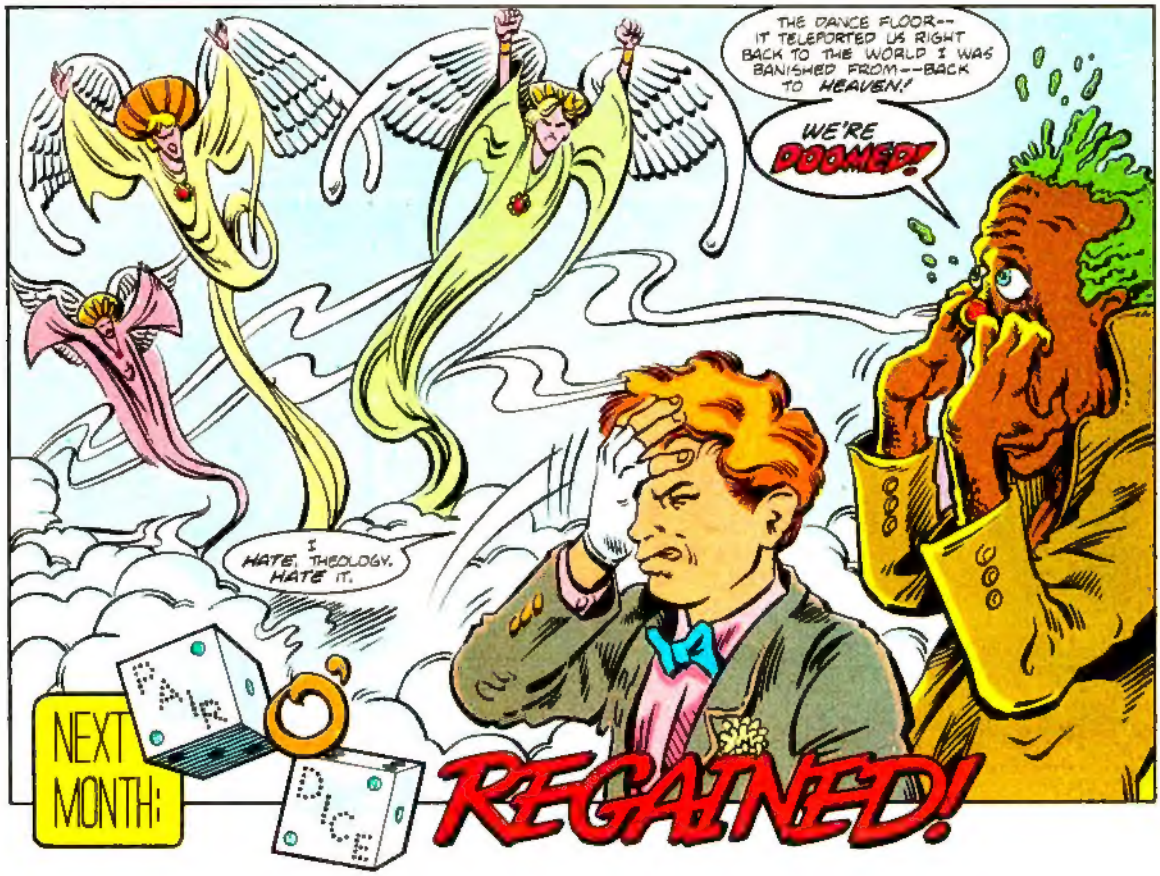
I GOT 'EM SPOTTED, ARZACHAEL--JUST ACROSS THAT DANCE FLOOR!
THEN--IT'S TIME FOR SOME HOLY WRATH, DOGFACES!
LET'S HEAR IT, APOCALYPSERS!
HOSANNAAAAAA
WHAT IN--?
BRNK!
BRNK!
BRNK!
Y'SEE, DIS COSMIC DANCE FLOOR, IF YOU STEP ON DE RIGHT SQUARES AND DO DE RIGHT STEPS, SENDS YOU INTO OTHER PLANES OF REALITY! YOU AIN'T DANCED 'TIL YOU DANCED DIS WAY!
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE, NATTY--!
WOOP!
BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON!
BRNK!
BRNK!
7

COURSE, YOU GOT DANCERS TRIPPIN' IN FROM DE OTHER REALITIES, TOO, SO YOU GOT TO BE COOL ABOUT IT--!
HEY!
BOOM!
'CAUSE DE DANCE GOES EVERYWHERE THROUGH DE COSMOS, AND WE ARE ALL PARTNERS, Y'KNOW MON--!
YEAH, WELL, THEORY'S THEORY.
GET LOST!
YOU HANDLE YOURSELF WELL, BLAZE BARLOW--IF A BIT ROUGHER THAN NEED BE.
DEPENDS ON WHAT YOUR NEEDS ARE, FEN-RANIAN.
OH NO! LOOK!
I AIN'T NEVER TOUCHING ANOTHER WISTERIA IN ALL ETERNITY, BOSS!
ME NEITHER, CLOUD-FACE! BUT WE MADE IT BACK! I CAN SEE THEIR UGLY MUGS AGAIN!
BLAM!
NATTY, WE NEED OUT OF HERE FAST. RANDOM LOCATION--BUT NOW!
DAT'S SO EASY YOU GOT TO CRY NOCTURNE!
8

"IT'S JUS' A JUMP TO DE LEFT--"
LET'S CHARGE 'EM, BOSS!
YOU FOND OF WISTERIAS, MANNA-BREATH? WE'LL GET 'EM!
"--AN DEN A STEP TO DE RIGHT!
"--YOU DO DE PELVIC THRUST-- AN' THEN IT DRIVES YOU--"
INSANE.
GOT IT! YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, N.B.D.!
I'LL REMEMBER YOU IN MY WILL!
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT DAT, MY MON! JUST SO'S YOU DANCE!
PINK

WELL, WE MADE IT--BUT TO WHERE?
IT COULD BE ANY ONE OF A MYRIAD PLACES--IT'S ALL SO CLOUDY AND VAGUE.
WHICH BRINGS UP SOME BUSINESS, OUTRIDER.


I CHALLENGED YOU TO SINGLE COMBAT--AND THE FRACAS WITH THE APOCALYPSE SQUAD DIDN'T CHANGE ANYTHING!
I'M GOING TO GET SOME INFORMATION OUT OF YOU-- SOMETHING I'VE WAITED OVER A HUNDRED YEARS TO FIND!
INFORMATION? BUT YOU COULD HAVE JUST ASKED ME WHAT--
NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!


THE DANCE FLOOR--IT TELEPORTED US RIGHT BACK TO THE WORLD I WAS BANISHED FROM--BACK TO HEAVEN!
WE'RE DOOMED!
I HATE THEOLOGY. HATE IT.
NEXT MONTH:
FATE
DICE
REGAINED!